

EASIER WITH LIES

by Daystar Searcher

The things he would do to her.

He clothes them in pretty words. He would teach her, he tells himself. Explore her body, gentle, let kisses fall like flower petals along her alabaster neck until she was gasping, her lips pink and parted, her golden hair fanning out against the pillow like an angel from a painting. He would be her guide to all the slight and slender curves of her, the secret spots to make her squirm against his hand, panting-and tender, always tender, as he unbuttons her top, as he slides his hand under the hem of her dress, as he says lovely, lovely, yes, just like that, what a good girl you are, Jo...

But in the dreams he wakes from gasping, thrusting, his abdomen sticky with need and shame-

In dreams he has her bent over the counter, her skirt rucked up to expose her knickers, squeaks and squeals escaping as he takes a firm hand with her, as she presses back against the ringing slaps of his palm, desperate for discipline. I'm sorry for-oh-for teasing you, Doctor, I'm-oh!-sorry for leading you on- Or her on her knees under his desk, one hand pressing her head down to keep her in place, the other working away at his reports for the Brigadier. Or he pushes her up against the TARDIS naked, her nipples stiff and aching from rubbing against velvet as he fucks her, oh please, Doctor, yes, Doctor, punish me, Doctor, I'm such a bad, bad girl...

The things he would do to her.